\$100

\$100

This serial story has .. o name.

The Washington Times will

pay \$100 in gold to the person

The Washington Times and,

when the last installment has

been printed, send in your sug-

Story Written By

Winnie Davis Freeman

Copyright by The Washington Times.

He stopped speaking and gasped

as the door opened and Grace came in, followed by Juanita. "Why,

look who's here?" he exclaimed. Then he glanced again at the pa-

per. There was a great tenseness in the atmosphere. Grace broke the

Bob merely noded to Juanita.

Then he looked quickly at me.

"So it was you!" he said. "It does mean you, and, and—"
Instead of finishing the sentence

he held the paper out toward me. It was a later edition than the

one we had seen. It still carried the

big headline across the top of the

page. But the small heading had been changed to read:

"Beautiful Former War Worker and Mexican Girl Questioned in

the Case."

Then followed a detailed account of what had taken place in the Attorney General's office. They did not use the names of Juanita and

myself. Nor did they refer to Wil-

NOT SURE OF BOB.

Never before had I realized how

efficiently a newspaper works. It

had been hardly an hour since we

left the Attorney General's office

and here was The Washington Times telling the whole story to the world. Even in the midst of

the great excitement I couldn't but marvel at such rapid work.

"Yes, Bob," dear old Grace took the situation in hand. "It does re-

smiled sweetly on Juanita. We'll toll you all about it after dinner." So old Bob had to sit through

dinner without a word of explana-

phere didn't seem to impair his ap-petite any, however. Both he and

Grace ate their usual hearty dinner.

I hardly touched my food and Juanita ate even less, although you

could tell that she was doing her

show Juanita her room. I knew she wanted to be alone with Bob so she could tell him everything. And

I was glad enough to get away. For while Grace had been terribly

decent about the whole affair, I wasn't sure Bob would be so ready

Men are that way, you know. They hate publicity for their "women folks." And while Bob was an old

dear and everything, there are some

things men never can understand as women can. And I wasn't at all

sure how Bob would take the whole

TUCKED JUANITA IN BED.

After dinner Grace told me to

fer to Edith, and her friend.

She's going to be with us."

"This is a friend of Edith's, Bob.

The title must consist of

who submits the best title.

gestions for titles.

silence with:

lard by name.

best to eat.

three words or less.

\$100

The Washington Times Magazine Page

Wood is a splendid non-conductor of heat. Tests have been made showing the properly built wood house is excep-tionally warm in winter and cool in summer, and that a wood roof is superior to slate or almost any other material.

Which Have

THE WOMAN GOD CHANGED Read This Story Here, Then Watch for It in Motion Pictures

PATHETIC FIGURES—

This Powerful Romance, Soon to Be Seen on the Screen. Answers the Mooted Question, "Can a Woman Who Has Sinned Come Back?"

The Story So Far. Anna Janssen, a young and handsome woman, is on trial for the deliberate murder of Alastair de Vries, a rich
philanderer who had thrown her over
for a new fancy. The District Attorney
brings out the facts of the shooting in a
restaurant, white the prisoner excites
the wonder of the Court by her beauty
and a strange caim and serenity, which
make it seem impossible that she could
be guilty. Her lawyer rises, but contrary to expectation he makes no move
to block any of the witnesses of the
state. This is a great surprise.

This appealing story has been
made into a wonderful film drama
by Cosmopolitan Productions, and

by Cosmopolitan Productions, and will be released as a Paramount picture.

By Donn Byrne.

ND the usher of the cabaret—if I had concentrated on him, I could have made that whiskey-sodden brain, that broken brain, contradict everything he has said.

"But I did none of these things. I made no haze of doubt out of honest facts. For why? Because these facts are true. I grant them

There was a rustle and murmur in the room. The public was sud-denly aghast. What was this from Donegan? Treachery? Who ever heard of a counsel granting things like that? Good Lord, what was the man doing? The murmuring went on in spite of the judge's gavel, the attendants' cries. Donegan swept the room with his black, minatory glance, and the

murmuring died. "Your honor, Mr. District Attorney, men of the jury, a crime is not an instantaneous action. What goes before a crime is important, and not less important is what follows it. Has the affair been broode over, or has it been the result of momentary passion and has the decd been regarded with smug satisfac-

tion, or with quaking horror?
"And what effect has this had on the prisoner, on the world, on its time? So many things have to be taken into consideration when we are adjudging the crime.

"Gentlemen, the law and legal procedure is as easy to comprehend as a child's primer. The office of the district attorney is to see that a malefactor is brought to justice. The office of the jury is to decide whether that action was or was not

"The object of the judge is to weigh, decide, and in the name of the people say what shall be done with a member of the community who has hurt the interests of the community by his or her action.
"The duty of the counsel for the

prisoner is to see that his client is not traduced by fake witnesses, nor his or her liberty endangered by unfacts.

But the object of all in the courtroom is to see that justice is done, though the heavens crumble. "I have examined no witnesses. I shall examine none. But I ask this of the latitude of the court, and in the name of that justice whose servants we one and all are as much myself, advocate for the prisoner, as the district attorney for the people of the State of New York, as the jury in the box, as the judge on his bench; that the next witness, Thomas McCarthy, shall be allowed to tell his own story in his own way, relating facts which may not seem germane to the case, but which I claim are as pertinent as the pistol with which the crime was committed on the corpus delicti itself. I ask this of the court, and I request the court so to direct."

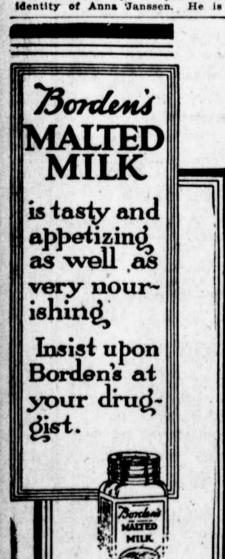
HARDLY REGULAR. "This is nardly regular, Mr. Done-

"This is a court of justice, Mr. onegan." The judge's manner Donegan." had a slight rebuke. "But if the district attorney is agreeable—" The district attorney, a little

"I ask this in the name of jus-

nettled, but rather awed before the tremendous purpose of Donegan, shrugged his shoulders. "Very well, Mr. Donegan," the juoge nodded.

district attorney"-Donegan addressed the jury—"is calling "homas McCarthy to prove the



an officer of the city of New York, a witness for the State of New

"The district attorney has called him to prove that the prisoner in the dock is Anna Janssen. I shall not examine him. But when he has given his testimony for the district attorney he will have given

his testimony for me.

"And I shall have proven that
the chorus girl who killed Alastair
de Vries is not the woman who
stands in the dock!"

There was an instant's sighing from the courtroom, a momentary relaxation. So Donegan had fought and won his first fight, and now they were going to hear the history of the Spicy Isles. Now all the mystery would be lifted that had been hanging about the courtroom like a necromancer's mist.

"Call Thomas McCarthy!" Donegan barked from the side of his mouth,

"Officer Thomas McCarthy."

"Thomas McCarthy to the stand!"

As he stood in the witness boxx,
McCarthy seemed to bulk tremendously in the room. As Anna Janssen seemed to fill the court spiritu-ally, so he seemed to fill 1. physi-cally. Emanations of strength, emanations of power came from him like current from a battery. He was not six feet tall, but so

erect did he stand, so free was his carriage that he seemed to tower above all in the courtroom. He was not a big man, but he suggested tremendous strength, so easily with the smallest movement did the sinews ripple beneath his coat.

Brown as copper, his face had not the strange mystery of Anna were black, where hers were fair. Yet he was strange, OUT OF PLACE.

It was principally that he was out of place in his city clothes. One would have imagined him easily as some young athlete in the Olympic games, hurling the discus possibly, or flinging himself over the high

Or one might have suffered him in the clothes of Summer in the country, short rolling collar and roomy sport coat. But in the "business suit" of some department store, he seemed like an actor some institute of the store of the seemed like an actor some like the inept stage manager had dressed.
Grotesquely, a police badge was
pinned to the lapel of his coat.
As he entered the box, Anna
Janssen turned toward him with

a swift outpouring of her eyes. It might have been interest, but it was warmer than interest. It was warmer than interest. It might have been appeal, but it was "You are Plain Clothes Officer Thomas McCarthy?" the District

Attorney examined.
"Yes, sir. Number 8917."
"Attached to Police Headquar-

"Yes, sir."

"Tell us the circumstances under which you arrested the prisoner." "The Commissioner-the Commissioner"-McCarthy began, fal-Yes, the Commissioner.

But McCarthy seemed struck by sudden panic.

"Yes, yes!" the District Attorney became irritable. "The Commissioner"—He rapped the table.

Donegan rose "McCarthy," he explained gently, "has had no one to talk to for seven years but my client. He finds it hard to get his words right. Take your time, McCarthy," he told the witness. "Close your eyes. Say it as if you were saying it to your-

The prisoner threw him a look

"I was on the Vice Squad under Inspector O'Gara." The witness found the words at last. "One morning the Commissioner sends for me. It was when the trouble was on about the graft in he Raines law hotels. The Commissioner looks at me kind of hard. "'Are you on the square, Mc-Carthy?" he says.

"'Yes, Commissioner, I'm on the square,' I tells him. "It's news to me they's anyone square,' the Commissioner laughs kind o' mean.

'Tell me, McCarthy, were you ever mixed up with a woman? f gets chilled all over, because I thinks someone's trying to frame

"No sir. Never.' I answers.

"Then why weren't you?
"I don't know,' I says, except it
was my people were from Ireland
and brought me up their own way. When I was a kid, Commissioner I could go to confession without holding out, and I guess I can do

"'Oh, you're one of them good Irish cops,' he sneers. I heard tell on them, but I never met one before."
"'Well, you meet him now.

looks him cold in the eye. And then I'm sorry, because I see he means nothing. He's just sore. "'Well, square cop,' he says, 'I got a job for you. Anna Janssen,' he says, 'is found. A rich guy hides her and brings her to Tahiti on his yacht. She's there now. The French authorities,' he says, have made a pinch. Go get her.' "'All right,' I says, and turns to

"'Just a moment, McCarthy,' he says. 'I said: "Get her. You understand? Get her. And keep her. Was a man to try and escape on you, what would you do?"
To Be Continued Tomorrow.



EMBARRASSMENT_ Financially need not prevent your having your picture taken at the

PAINE STUDIO Small Purse. I stayed with Juanita until she Phone M. 1600. was tucked into bed. As I started Price To Fit The Small Purse.

THE YOUNG LOVER WHO URGED HIS SWEETIE TO GO AHEAD AND TAKE THE "SINGLE SEAT" AT THE MOVIE , DISCOVERS THAT THE SEAT, IS RIGHT NEXT TO HIS HATED RIVAL.

Is Marriage | About Girls and Boys A Success?

On the night that I asked my wife

And today? Well, we have been married about two years now, have a real home, a real third sweetheart in our little baby, and, as for the past, in the words of a certain humorist: "There ain't no such animal." HAPPY HARRY, ex-Gob.

TO E. H. BANGOR, PA.:

Believe me, you are sure of your hatred for your own self. I can almost picture you now. A great big lump of conceit between 18 and 25, dressed like a 5 and 10 cent store dude, and enough brains

to fill a peanut shell.

Your stall is very shallow, so ome again with something more original. Another thing, I do not think the column quite the place to make a proposal of meeting You should let some one else extol your virtues and not advertise them yourself. Awfully poor taste

Get wise to yourself, you are asleep from your neck up. Pinch yourself and wake up to the fact that I am a regular guy who signs himself H. D. W., Sr.

On the night that I asked my wife the big question, the subject of past experiences came up. Considering that she, if any, should know of what experiences I had, I told her the truth; just that I was neither better nor worse than the average fellow of today.

For the moment, after detailing a few incidents of the past, she expressed surprise, saying that she had hoped that she was my first sweetheart or girl friend, but after little deliberation she remarked that she knew and loved me well enough to believe in me and be a real wife and pal, and that such happenings and experiences as had fallen to my fallen to my lot prefallen to my fallen to my lot previous to our meeting, since they
had no direct bearing on the present and future," could be easily
forgotten, since she knew that
there would not be a recurrence
of them.

I should say.

Besides, I called the wild dames "Folderols," and not vain girls.

EASIER TIME IN THE WORLD?

By DAMON RUNYON. HAVE often heard girls say they a little, and sees something beyond wish they had been born boys. the convention-bound sphere in

wish they had been born boys, because boys have a much easier time in the world than girls. This is quite true. Almost every arrangement of life

is unfair to the girl.

Adventure is denied her. A boy can cut loose at an early age and go roaming over the globe, viewing strange sights, and enjoying new experiences.

new experiences.

A girl must remain at home traveling the same old quiet, humdrum streets day in and day out, seeing the same old faces, and hearing the same old voices.

She may be born with twice the spirit of her brother. She may have twice his initiative and daring. But she must stay behind, her spirit smothering under the musty sameness of existence, while he fares forth into the great outside.

ness of existence, while he fares forth into the great outside.

If a girl does courageously attempt a little adventure she is regarded as mannish and peculiar and not entirely all that she should be. In many communities about the only thing a girl can do to win the approbation of all hands is to go through the old rigamarole of a neat little wedding with some local dumb-bell.

ULTIMATE DESTINY. The ultimate destiny of most girls

and boys is, of course, matrimony, the establishment of homes and the rearing of children. But prior to entering into matrimony the boy commonly splashes about the world

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax. PRANKNESS THE ANSWER.

A few months ago I met a young lady whom I greatly admire.
I have taken her out several

times, mostly in parties of three or four couples, seldom alone. The other day she informed me that she had given up the society of all her boy friends, who, she says, no longer interest her.

while I greatly respect and admire this young lady, I do not love her, and am at a loss to explain my feelings. I do not want to hurt her, but still do not care tao have her believe my friendship more than it really is.

Will you kindly offer some solution?

AN INTERESTED READER.

I'm afraid frankness is your only ourse. Your continued attentions probably suggest more to the girl than you want to convey. It isn't fair to come between her and her other interests, and though it take courage, you ought to find a way telling her just what her friend ship means, so she can't dramatize

Keep a small toothbrush handy for cleaning around the handles of teacups and tureens, and for dishes with rough surfaces or raised dewhich the girl must live.

And certainly matrimony does not adjust the situation in point of fair-ness. The drudsery of the kitchen, the suffering of child-bearing and the infinite toil of raising children go to the woman. The man con-tinues to enjoy a little variety of life, while her range seldom extends

much beyond the streets near her home. If there is any credit or glory developing from the partnership, it is all grabbed by the man. I used to read a great deal about the exploits of our Western pioneers when they fought their way toward the setting sun, back in the long ago, and I was duly impressed thereby. Subsequently I learned that they were often accompanied by their courageous wives, but somehow Mra. Pioneer gets little mention in history.

A boy, broke, and in a strange town, is only at a momentary dis-advantage. As a young fellow, fool-ing around the country, I have fre-quently dropped off brakebeams from under box cars in some unfamiliar city, ragged and dirty and hungry, and been not inhospitably received. All I had to combat was my temporary poverty.

OUR MORAL CODE. A girl, homeless and penniless

in a strange place, would have to fight hordes of masculine buszards. would be an object of great suspicien, and would finally wind up surroundd by representatives of Societies for the Prevention of Wandering Girls, who would ask her numerous questions. Take our moral code. The theory is that the same code which

applies to a woman also applies to the man. This is as it should be, but how does it work out in prac-tice? A boy raising moral Ned is said to be sowing his wild oats, and no one remembers the circumstances in later years.

A girl makes some slight moral break and Heaven help her! I say Heaven help her, because no man, and, sad to relate, a few women will. What are wild oats in the boy's case become natural depravity in a girl, as the community judges the matter. If that is fair. my standards of fairness are out of joint. The only girls who really get

half a fair break from life as com-pared to the boys are the girls born and raised in affluence. These, I claim, attain in some measure the estate which rightfully belongs

Since custom and convention expect so much of girls, and since life has apportioned itself to them so unfairly in other ways, I hold that things should be so a ranged that all girls would be brought up in comfort and luxury, shou d have ill the things the feminine heart desires, clothes, motor cars and no

work unless they wish to work.

a great fund, raised through taxation of men, for this purpose. And beautiful world, ask the women.

If I were conducting the affairs

CARLTIHONER

The Hundred Dollar Question

"THIS IS A FRIEND OF EDITH'S, BOB," SAID GRACE.

to go. I leaned over and kissed her lightly on the cheek. And as I looked at her lying there, her curly black hair spread out over the pillow, her big, brown eyes smiling appealingly up into mine, I felt that I almost should ask her forgiveness for having at one time felt hatred in my soul for her.

She must have sensed something of what I felt, for she said, putting an arm around my neck: "You think one time Juanita love Senor Saunders?"

"Why, of course not," I answered. Forgive Juanita if she have made you suffer," she said. "Juanita never love Senor Saunders."
"You dear!" I said. Then I turn-

ed out the light and left her there

to think and sleep, and-as I knew

3 teaspoonfuls Rumford baking

½ tenspoonfuls almond extract. Cream butter and sugar and

yolks of eggs. Cream well and add

half the milk, add one-half of the

flour which has been sifted, then

add the remainder of milk and add remainder of flour flavoring; beat

after each addition, add baking

powder and the two whites of

eggs, leaving two for your icing, beat the white to a stiff frost.

Bake in greased layer pans twenty

ALMOND ICING.

2 whites of eggs. Boil sugar and water ten min-

utes. Pour in a shallow dish; when

smooth, then add the whites which has been beaten to a stiff frost

1 cup butter.

31/2 cups flour.

to thirty minutes.

2 cups sugar. 1 cup boiling water.

2 cups sugar.

% cup milk.

4 eggs.

powder.

she would-to dream of her "Texas I wanted to tell her that he had seen him, had talked with him. But I dared not. Because I knew she would ask me, "Where is he now?" And to save my life I couldn't have

told her. Like Willard, he had dis-

appeared—so far as we were con-cerned—off the face of the earth. I did not go directly to my room. knew I could not go to bed until I had seen Bob and heard what he had to say. If there was to be a scene I thought I would rather have it while Juanita was not present. Bob and Grace glanced up as

entered the room. Grace simply smiled, but Bob rose and came toward me. He held out his hand and I put mine in it. "Grace has told me everything,

Prize Cake Recipes

beater, then spread between layers of cake and on top. While icing is still soft, sprinkle with almond or any other nut meat.-Mrs. Emma

FRUIT AND NUT CAKE.

Duckett, 1803 Ninth stret north-

dozen eggs. pound butter.

cups sugar. 11/2 cups flour. cup cold black coffee.

4 teaspoon nutmeg. teaspoon ground cinnamon. Small bottle vanilla. Small bottle lemon Mix above ingredients and add i teaspoons yeast powder.

package currants. package dates. pound figs. Small box cocoanut. cup English walnut meat. cup black walnut meat.

2 packages seeded raisins

cup blanched almonds. Fruit cut fine and well floured. Mrs. Sailie B. Bogue, Glen Eche,

Edy," he said. "I don't know how we ever allowed you to get into such a mix-up. But we," he pressed my hand in encouragement, "we're "Thank you, Bob." It was all I

could say. I knew if I tried to say more I would cry. I could have stood it if he'd scolded me. But when he assumed that magnanimous attitude, and as usual, took all the blame on his own shoulders, it was almost too much for me.
"And don't you worry about
Willard," he added. "Willard—the
high-spirited old duck—is perfectly

able to look out for himself. It would take more than a bunch of dirty greasers to put anything over Thus comforted, if only in a

small measure, I sought my bed. I lay awake until early morning. Then I fell into a sound sleep. I was awakened by a soft knocking on my door. As I opened my eyes I noticed that the sun was well up in the sky.
"What is it?" I asked, wide

"It's I, Grace," the answer came back. "I hated to wake you, Edith. But some one wants you on the phone. And he says it's very im-portant!" I was so excited I hardly could

wait to get to the phone. I was praying that it was Williard, or at least some message from him. But I was disappointed.

When I picked up the receiver, a very courteous voice which said it belonged to the Attorney General's secretary, said that it was very necessary that Juanita and I be there right away. He didn't ask if we could come. Simply said he would have a car at Grace's door for us in half an hour.

I rushed upstairs and waked Juanita. The poor dear didn't look like she'd been asleep. Her eyes were all red, and I judged that she'd spent a good part of the night crying. But she greeted me with a

When I told her of the message

You may be Sane

in everything but eating-level-headed in business, but daily digging your grave with your teeth. You eat the wrong foods and too much. Keep the body buoyant and the mind alert by eating

Shredded Wheat

the food for the worker with hand or brain - contains everything the human body needs, prepared in a digestible form. More nutritious than meat or eggs and costs much less.

Two biscuits make a satisfying meal. Delicious with berries or other fruits.

